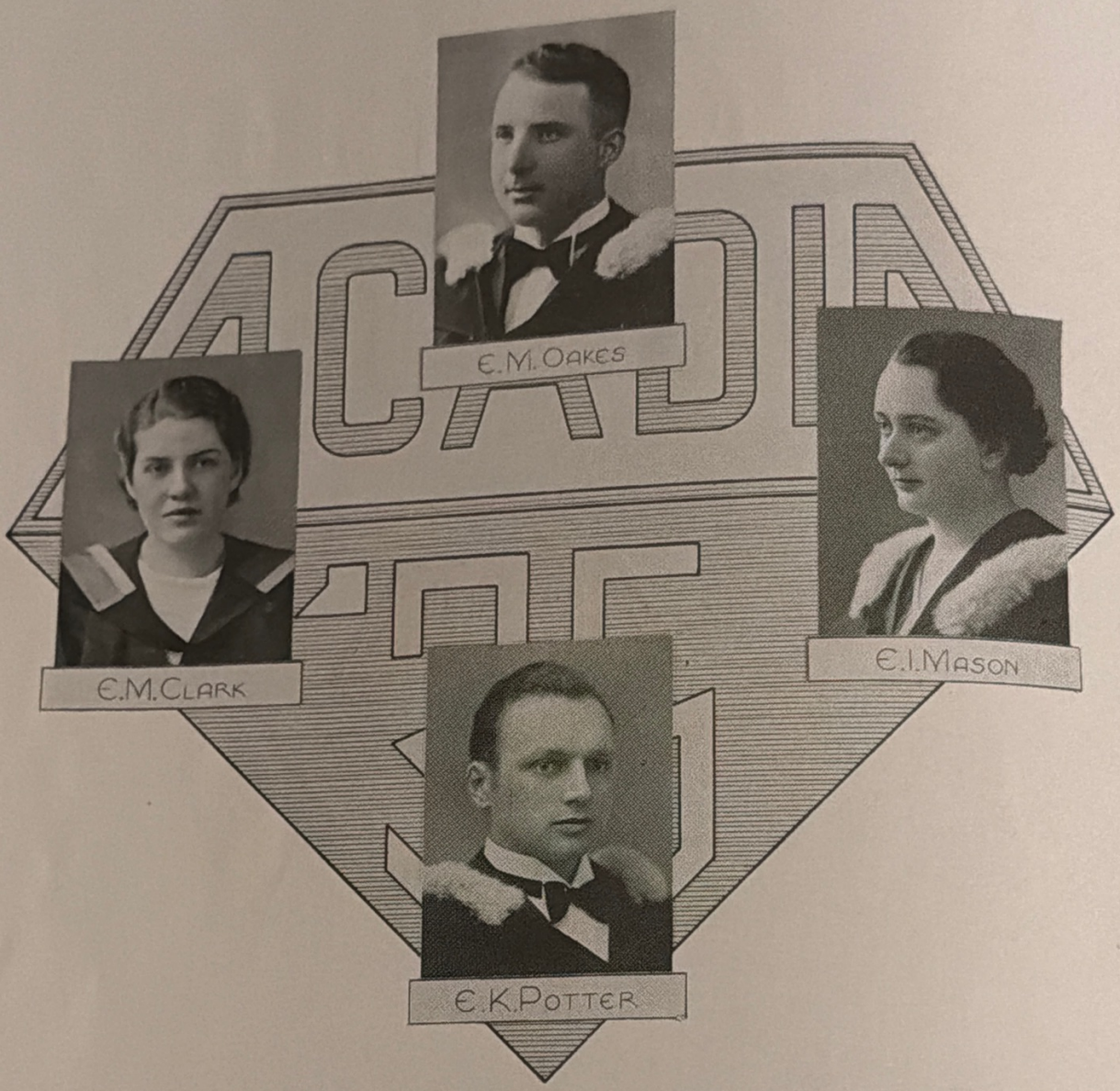
ACADIA YEAR BOOK

SUPPLEMENT

THE HISTORY
THE PROPHECY
THE VALEDICTORY



OFFICERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS, 1935

	First Term	*Second Term*
President:	Keith Potter	Mervyn Oakes
Vice-President:	Margaret Burgess	Eina Clark
Secretary:	Jeanne Eaton	Enid Mason
Treasurer:	Gerald Thompson	Keith Potter

MOTTO: *Animis opibusque parati.*

YELL

One-a-zippa! Two-a-zippa! Three-a-zippa! Zam!
We're from Acadia, and we don't give a - - - - - -!
Rigger-jigger! Pull the trigger! Siss, boom, zive!
'Cadia! 'Cadia! Class of Thirty-five!

The History of the Class of 1935

"Extra! Extra!" the lad shouted. Upon reading the paper, my attention was immediately directed to the following headline:

Famous Historical Drama with Automatic Sliding Scenery to be Staged in University Hall, Wolfville, Nova Scotia.

H. Jeanne Eaton

The play was to be that night, so I decided I would attend, as this seemed to be the outstanding event of the year.

Arriving just as the curtain rose, I heard a voice — a familiar voice. Ah! why of course, the Prologue given by none other than the spirit of the Class of '35. No wonder this voice was familiar! It went on speaking:

"Only this for you we must perform,
The fortunes of the class of '35, both good and bad.
To patient judgments we appeal our plaud.
First speak we for its fresh green infancy;
Then, of its gay and thoughtless Sophomore days,
Still swollen with cunning, and with self conceit;
Of riper Junior years, and upper classmen's blazers;
Till shortly it is graced with Senior dignity.
The actors are at hand, and by their show,
You shall know all that you are like to know."

The Play had it's beginning on the day an East bound train stopped at a "wee" town known as Wolfville, in the very heart of Evangeline's Land, when off that train jumped a crowd of fresh, green infants. In the distance they saw Acadia, situated on a nearby hill. Wending their way to the Administration Building, they were welcomed by a man called a registrar ("er") and soon became members of the vast kingdom of Acadia. How green they were! A register ("rar"), to them, had always meant a source of heat; so "Live and Learn" became their motto from that day thence.

Then, the Acadia campus came into view, dotted over with green caps and ties. Ah! initiations, during which time the upper classmen amused themselves like "Babes in Toyland". What was most amusing to me was their ability to sing "The Moon Comes Over the Mountain" to the tune of "Annie Laurie", and, also, to see the "Squaw" riding to classes on a broomstick.

Before one could realize it, the scene had changed to a classroom, in which one of our well-known Professors was addressing the new class. To my surprise he addressed them not as Freshmen but "my dear little children", and continued, "You may go now, and be sure you have your themes prepared for next day."

Following this, all became dark, except the moon shining in the distance. Out of the darkness, a fire blazed and many people were gathered around that fire. Do you know what they were wondering? How they could rid themselves of their so-called "brand new green" appearance. Poor Freshmen! However, their wondering soon ceased, as they were suddenly attacked by a band of thieves, known as the hilarious, hackneyed, hard-boiled "softy-sours"—alias Sophomores, who tried to steal their worldly possessions of corn, butter and marshmallows. A sharp struggle ensued, in which the Freshmen made a justifiable attempt to gain prestige by boasting of the number of "ears" they could eat, and which finally ended in both parties satisfying their inner longings.

A room in "Tully" came into view, with a group of Freshettes rejoicing over the first victory of their class, for in a battle waged against the "cads", supported by the upper classmen, the Freshman Football team were successful in outclassing their rivals.

Initiation was brought to a close by a public demonstration before the grandstand, in which the poor Freshmen lost all their pride, but proved their talent, by rendition of the well-known ballad, "Polly Wolly Doodle all the Day", upon which the "Sophs" received their efforts so favorably, that a truce was pledged and from that day thence, the Freshmen received the right to independent rule.

A radio resounded in the distance, announcing: "The CKIC network over the Acadia University campus, brings you the 'frosh' sports review and news of the day".

"The Freshette swimming team distinguished itself today in "the old swimming pool" by winning the Interclass swimming title. They also showed their superiority on the ground hockey field. The Freshmen have not been so successful, but in all branches of athletics have gained a reputation for good sportsmanship.

"In the field of debating and dramatics, the ability of the speakers of this class certainly deserves honorable mention."

Then Santa Claus arrived on the scene, and carried the Freshmen home for the holiday season.

When the "safety curtain" of mid-year examinations had descended, reassuring the audience and signalling applause, the curtain ascended, and an orchestra was playing the last waltz.

My memory carried me back to that very night—the Freshman party which was held in the originally decorated Acadia Gym. If I remember correctly, amusing topics were rendered, and the hungry mob were fed delightful refreshments. In all, that party was "one grand success" scored for the Class of '35.

Again the campus appeared before me;—it was spring, and the first year of the Class of '35 was over.

Looking at my programme, I read:

Act II—a year later—the same setting.

The curtain rose upon a beautiful landscape, and a feeling of pride for my dear old Alma Mater swept o'er me. It pictures Fall on the Acadia campus, and like the quickly turning Autumn leaves, the Class of '35 lost its verdant freshness, which soon reappeared in the incoming Class of '36. With hearts eager for work and play, the Class of '35 stood upon the threshold of another year. Ready were they to face the world as full fledged Sophomores, and equally perpared to enter into activities in a businesslike manner. It immediately became their most urgent desire to act as a reception committee to the incoming neophytes; and well they might, for some of them were so painfully verdant that they believed "Doc. A." was the President's private secretary, and that Henry was the College President. The two weeks that followed were naturally a source of amusement to the Sophomores, who devoted themselves to the task of making the Freshmen wretched. The climax was capped at the first Freshman party when the Class of '35 invaded the Gym and tried to walk off with the edibles.

The scene changed to a witch's cauldron, where President Witch of the Sophomore Class, in a setting of black cats and yellow streamers, acted as host to the entire University. This class had already built up for itself, a record for distinctive parties. The originality in decorations, and the highly successful programme,

made an excellent beginning for those parties which were yet to be.

There followed an International Conference, in which the Sophettes proved their power and wisdom over the "newly greens", in convincing the "members of the house" of the negative of the resolution that "All Armistice Day Celebrations should be Abolished".

At a gathering of the Sophette and Junior "Deans", the former were finally convinced that "Compulsory Attendance of Classes at Acadia should be Abolished".

In the meantime, the Sophomores met their Waterloo in the debating realm when they were defeated by their worthy Junior comrades.

But they were not to be discouraged, and then I saw them in the athletic field, where the girls won the softball championship. My attention was also brought to the fact that this class was well represented on the Varsity Swimming and Basketball teams.

When the periodical abominations, commonly called midyear examinations, were over, and the usual post mortems had been held, the Sophomores again turned their thoughts partyward, and the scene before me pictured a gay class party.

The final scene closed with the riotous "Sophs" taking their departure into the unknown, gayly singing "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad World?", and at the same time shouting at the top of their voices:

"One a zippa! Two a zippa! Three a zippa! Zam!
We're from Acadia, and we don't give a — —!
Rigger, Jigger! Pull a trigger! Siss, boom, zive!
'Cadia! 'Cadia! Class of '35."

Jolly Juniors in Wonderland, was the title of Act III, under which was announced, that the Jolly Juniors would take us on a campus excursion over this wonderland of Acadia, in the time of Renaissance, 1933-1934, A. D.

The curtain rose, and two familiar voices were conversing in deep tones. When they turned their heads, I recognized them as Acadia's well known athletic coaches. The conversation was intensely interesting, and very enlightening to me. Listen, and you will know the reason why.

"What class has the best athletic ability?"

The rep'y: "Why the Junior Class, of course."

"But how do you account for this?"

"Well, they have directed a more generous supply of vitality into genuine effort on the athletic field than any other class in the history of this period."

"But the Junior Class has won few honors?"

"Ah! I know, but some of their members have won much honor. Why, a game of football just wouldn't be one without the presence of "Agony" and "Haney", or an intermediate one without "Junior". Then too, let us turn our attention to the Basketball squad—to that "Bally" sharp shooter and tall "Quebec" center, also, that rosy-faced guard with his Cape Breton accent. Oh yes, and the Juniors came second in the Soccer League, and I forgot to mention that both the male and female of the species gained second place in the Interclass Basketball League. Before I forget—in the realm of hockey, don't you remember that the fainting Juniors, as the lower classmen called them, defeated the "rough-neck freshettes", in a game, characterized by much water and many spills, thereby meriting the name triumphant Juniors.

"Speaking of water—that reminds me that the Varsity swimming teams have certainly gained good material from the Junior Class. Finally, the Junior girls have, for the third time, won the Interclass Softball Championship."

After this, the scene changed to one of laughter and excitement—the Junior party, staged in the Acadia Gym. With this, the period of the Renaissance began, by the invention of the well known "net"—now used at nearly all Acadia social functions.

Then, a dark shadow appeared—*The Black Flamingo* had arrived on the scene, in which several Juniors played difficult roles.

Now, the weekly assembly, where one of the speakers was emphasizing the fact that "The Juniors are well represented in the field of Science, as attested by the interesting and instructive papers presented at Biology Seminar, and through the columns of the Acadia Athenaeum".

A scene tinged with financial difficulties followed, resulting in the shattering of a tradition of Acadia—the elimination of the Junior-Senior Banquet, but nevertheless, gayety prevailed at the Gym with the Junior—Senior Prom. The incidental music, accidentally late, the spotlight, the scenery, the applause, brought a flush to the cheek and a mad excitement to the heart.

The last class meeting provided the grand finale to that Junior year, at which were heard these words: "May the omen which has smiled upon us this year continue next year bringing it more and greater success."

Throughout the play, my thoughts had been aware of the setting for the fourth and final act. Now, it was pictured before me—"the drawing room of the President's home."

It was Sunday, and as the President sat gazing at the open fire, his thoughts returned to the book he had been reading. He picked it up from a nearby table, and upon turning to the last chapter, entitled *The History of the Class of '35, during their grave old Senior year*, he read aloud:—

"For the last time, we returned to Wolfville—we were Seniors, we were monarchs of all we surveyed. Ours was to be the guiding hand. To us, the rest of the University would look up.

Now, one's Senior year is expected to be one continuous preparation for an exit, but we had to lay aside all gravity for awhile, at least, and keep up our parties. This one will ever stand out in our memories, for it not only partially shattered an old Acadia tradition, that all class parties be held on Saturday evenings, but had it's finishing touches on a Monday afternoon.

Then, we began to look about us and count our achievements.

That mild and gentle little fellow, the year 1935, had pushed old man '34 from off his battered pedestal. What did the cherubic little lad hold in store for us in the realm of sport? New stars glittered in the sporting firmament, and some of the "old guard" still remained. We indeed became masters of all we surveyed in this field of endeavor, for the Class of '35 won the Interclass Basketball, Hockey, Baseball and girl's Interclass Swimming and Softball titles.

Still more honors were to come our way, for our boys won the Interclass Debating title, and donated one of its members to the Varsity Debating Team.

Then, too, in the field of Dramatics, our Class has again been well represented by several of its members.

Our first term passed rapidly, and before we knew it, we had but five months more at Acadia. Our second term was to be one of happiness. We were the guests of our now friendly rivals, the Class of '36, at the Junior—Senior Banquet, and we indeed feel grateful to them for this expression of generosity and good will.

Social life seemed to give us no time at all for studies, for right on the heels of the Junior—Senior Banquet, came the delightful reception given us by Dr. and Mrs. Patterson. At this time we wish to express our sincerest appreciation for their kindness. We, as a class, can only convey our deepest gratitude to those who have aided in making our four years at Acadia now cherished memories.

The Class of '35 has blossomed into full fruition under the nurturing care of our class presidents, and

among our members are strong ties of friendship, goodwill, and fellowship, qualities which are developed to their utmost in such a University as Acadia. But now as we leave with regret, these loved College halls, let us endeavor to bring glory to her name as we accept the age old challenge:—

'To follow knowledge like a shining star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.'

Our history as the undergraduate class of 1935 is finished, but we have only commenced to make the history destined to shape our lives and futures. May we go onward with our motto, 'animis opibusque parati', as a watchword, and in so doing bring glory and honor to our Alma Mater, and our class."

He closed the book slowly as the curtain fell.

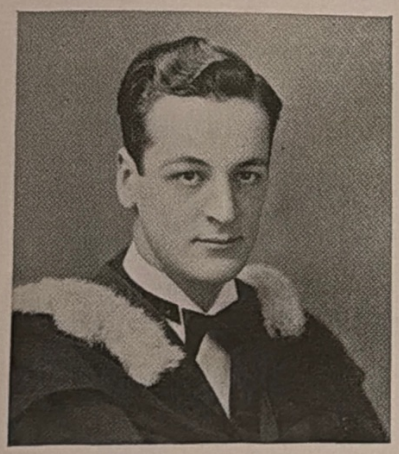
The play was over—the curtain had swept down on the finale for the last time.

The actors had bowed and postured in characteristic attitudes for the curtain calls of farewell dinners and dances, and were insignificantly creeping back to their separate dressing rooms, while the lights went out, one by one, in the deserted auditorium. Programmes, whose worth had dwindled to nothing in the short course of the performances, were lying abandoned under the seats. Time ran a finger down their items, and cancelled even the actors names.

"Nunc plaudite!" the historian cried,
When she had finished.
"Now applaud", as Roman actors used to say,
At the conclusion of a play.
And stood—and spread her hands abroad,
And smiling, bowed from side to side,
As one who bears the palm away."

The Prophecy of the Class of 1935

It was Aristotle who propounded the philosophy that life is a logical sequence and that as the beginning, middle, and end of a process are all correlated, therefore they all exist together at one time. As our lives now are but one part of a life process, it follows from the maxim of Aristotle that the future of the Class of 1935 exists now somewhere at the same time as the present.



R. Gerald Rice

When my classmates informed me that I was to prophesy their future lives I donned my cockle hat and sandal shoon, and with my staff in my hand, set out for the mountain Ben Eoin on the shores of Lake Bras d'Or in the mystic island of Cape Breton. I remembered my grandfather saying that he had heard Black Donald of Judique tell that the Guardian of Future years lives in a cave on Ben Eoin and keeps the years locked up in the cave with him.

Like all pilgrims my way was beset with many difficulties but I persevered and overcame them all and at length stood before the huge boulder which guards the entrance to the cave of the years on the mountain Ben Eoin. I rapped sharply on the stone with my staff and the spirit of the years called out and asked my business. I told him, and was careful to mention the name of Black Donald of Judique. The boulder slowly rolled away and I entered the cave of the future years. I am allowed to tell only a small part of what I saw there, but it suffices to say that when I reached the foot of Ben Eoin again I was a much sadder and wiser man. I will now give you an abridged account of the future lives of the members of the Class of 1935 as I saw them in the cave of future years.

Jeanne Eaton was bob-sled champion of the Swiss Alps. The practice she had received on College Terrace and Highland Avenue during the winter of '34-'35 had evidently stood her in good stead.

Norman Brown was famous as an author of books for boys. His masterpiece was "The Radio Boys go to College".

Herman Nickerson was devoting his entire life to the study of "The Faerie Queen", which he had translated into Latin.

Neil Sanford was one of the world's great ornotholologists. He specialized in squeezing robins.

Marjorie Counteway had won everlasting fame as an animal trainer after she finally succeeded in domesticating the Terrible Terry.

Jean O'Brien was a famous research worker in nutrition in the laboratories of the University of Kalamazoo. She had published a book on "My Personal Acquaintance with a Hundred Million Albino Rats".

Arnold Tedford was ousted from Harvard Technical School when he blew the library fuses with a penny. He always said he could work better in the dark.

Ronald Peck was still delivering lectures on the trip he took to Germany during his four years at Acadia.

Maynard Davison had graduated from the co-educational High Gear School for the study of the finer emotions. He reverted, however, to his old habits, and got caught in the clutch of matrimony.

Ena Coulston was a popular radio announcer on the Happy Homes and Friendly Foods Hour. She was still known, as in her college days, by her cheery greeting, "Hello, girls."

Glenn Fountain had gone to New Guinea as a missionary. After his arrival there he turned Christian and a number of the natives followed his example.

Eileen Hancock had the reputation of being the best farmer's wife in Kings County. It was said that she even helped in the forge or smithy.

David Holgate had created a great sensation when he held up the New York Central by sitting on the track.

Arthur MacDonald had gone to the South Sea Islands to teach the natives a new kind of Hula-Hula. He was assisted in this stupendous task by Orville MacAusland, past master of the art of dancing.

Mary Clark was famous as a second Kate Smith. Instead of singing she just laughed.

Lena Tupper had passed away to glory and they were still referring to her as the late Lena.

Murray Fraser had retired from active business and Walt Disney was forced to get two new models for his Mickey Mouse Cartoons.

Ballie MacLeod was a travelling salesman in Scotland. His marriage cut down his business however. Just when he would get his sales-talk working on some farmer's daughter someone would cry "The Camerons are coming", and Ballie would have to run.

Eugene Davis had joined the Masonic Lodge and was second highest potentate. I'll leave you to guess who the most high potentate was.

Gwen Freeman was head dietitian at a large Canadian hospital until she married her Manzer.

Vivian Gould was head-mistress and chief librarian at the Grand Pre School for nice children of nice families.

Burnie Ralston and Percy Cawdron were famous as the joint authors of a volume of 136,743 pages entitled "What we have meant in the lives of thousands of college women."

Ethel Campbell was decorated by the Russian Government for social service work when she proposed a suit of red underwear for the body of Lenin in Red Square.

John Baker was manager of the Cape Breton Coal Mines. He was a great success. It was said that his knowledge of Colpitts was unrivaled.

Jeanne Harrison was chief dietitian in the Pictou County Insane Asylum for brilliant students. She undertook work in psychotherapy and relieved many inmates by her impersonations of Zasu Pitts.

Eina Clark became a veterinary surgeon at the Experimental Farm in Charlottetown. She specialized in sick cats.

Marion Powers was social editor of the Lunenburg Daily Times.

Hazel Dunham and Jeannette Foshay were famous as "blues" singers until Hazel lost her voice as the result of too much dieting.

Margaret Burgess was a great woman psychologist. She expounded a very satisfactory way of getting your husband to keep his coat on at dinner.

Helloise Gillmor was famous as chemistry professor. She was noted for asking her classes questions, but as she always answered them herself none of her pupils minded.

Hazel Watts was a social service worker and was a great success at uplifting Cape Breton Engineers and New Brunswick X-ray experts.

Viola Cameron was head dietitian at Acadia University, where she sought her revenge on college students by putting everything into the soup that the members of the Class of '35 said she did.

Ralph Cameron was devoting his life to a study of Grimms Fairy Tales. He changed the title of "Alice in Wonderland" to "I Wonder if I can land Alice."

Mary Gordon Hughes was chief dress designer for the Jo Jo Dressmakers of Bridgewater, N. S.

Howard Newcombe was famous for his modernistic photographs of wild life.

Charles Nicoll had at last secured a device by which he was able to keep his shirt tucked into his trousers.

John Gregory had retired to the South Sea Islands. As he found the native language difficult to master it was a common sight to see him surrounded by native girls and using the sign language. His motto was "Speak Hands for me."

Jerry Thompson had remained a Freshman for many years. He created a reputation for himself by stealing the other chaps girls.

Margaret Stewart was a prompter at the Metropolitan Opera House, but she died a tragic death when she prompted Lawrence Tibbett when he knew his lines.

Alice Spicer was professor of French in the University of Paris and one of the greatest authorities upon the French language the world has ever known. She was famous for her French translation of Anthony Adverse.

Frank Templeman had retired to a small corner of Newfoundland, where he won a debate from the codfish on Science versus Literature. It was never very evident which side Frank was supporting.

Mevryn Oakes, Floyd Haney and Earl Eldridge had gone into the night club business, and their "Home of the Nuts" in Wolfville replaced the "Pope's". "Squirrel" went out and gathered in the nuts while Mervyn and Harmony entertained them. These two gentlemen became famous as the most sought after gigolos in Wolfville.

Bernard Wilson had devoted his entire life to senthesizing guinea pigs. After he had spent a number of years however, with these animals he grew to look like one and died one day when he was injected with protein by an indiscriminating biology assistant.

Margaret Marshall had devoted her life to raising bacteria. She had them so trained that when she said "ssh" they "sshed"—not like the girls down the corridor.

Donald Coulter had become famous as a newspaper man. He was known as Donald Dare the Devil reporter. One day, however, while reporting a baseball game he went "Batty" and has not been heard of since.

Alan Wright became an M. D. after several years of study. He specialized in something. When he got old he used to relate about the time when he was the greatest biologist in Digby Co., N. S.

Wesley Kerbin had joined Barnum and Bailey's Circus as the laughing man.

Donald MacLeod had been a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, but he resigned his position to become Dougald of the "Cotter's Saturday Night" program.

Enid Mason had surprised everyone by marrying the "How to go the, Kid" and becoming the most high potentate.

Donald MacAskill was in charge of building a bridge across the Strait of Canso. However, as Don is a Scotchman, the bridge was just a little short when finished.

Basil White had started life as a finance executive but the burden of managing Banks proved too much for him so he became a college professor.

Eustace Rand was mayor of Port Williams and a very successful M. D. He moved the town out on Cape Split so that they could ship bigger and better apples in bigger and better ships.

Aubrey Stuart was Professor of Mathematics at the University of Chicago until he went crazy in attempting to prove what X is equal to.

Lawrence Smith was director of the Acadia College Band and under his leadership the boys succeeded in playing "God Save the King" twice without anybody getting off key.

Keith Potter was Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia and had put an end to the "Story of Civilization" dispute by showing that there weren't any monkeys at the dawn of history and therefore man couldn't have descended from one.

Wylie Taylor had revived the screen version of "Little Man What Now". He was playing the leading role and money was pouring in at the box office. Rather crafty, what!

Alice Ingalls had retired to Grand Manan to pick dulce. She was working on the problem of making sardine oil from dulce.

Will Turner was world famous as a radio announcer. He closed all his programs by saying, "Just call me Bill"

Fellow Classmates, I submit to you this prohecy of your future lives I hope that none of you will attempt to outwit your fates. This is what will happen, and what will happen, will happen.

Valedictory

Long years ago we dreamed of this our present occasion. How far off this day then seemed! But all too soon the fleeting years have passed, and we find that our dreams are coming true.

Despite the fact that we have attained the goal of a long cherished ambition, I trust there is not one of the members of the Class of 1935 who is altogether happy today. With the recognition of accomplishmæn there come deep pangs of regret—the sorrow of farewell.

W. Floyd Haney

We have made a beginning towards deeper, richer and fuller living; for that we are joyous and thankful, but we also realize that today we have gathered for the last time as one complete group; for that we are sorry. Four years we have planned and worked and played together in common environment and association, and we must leave it all behind as we go forth to meet the demands of life that shall be made upon us as representative men and women.

But as we go, we realize that we are better prepared than ever before to face the problems of living. May our lives ever exemplify the high principles and noble ideals that have been a distinct contribution of our University training.

BOARD OF GOVERNORS AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SENATE OF ACADIA UNIVERSITY:

That you ever have the interests of Acadia at heart we are convinced. The rapid forward strides which the University has made in recent years are in a large measure due to your interest and devotion. We feel that in these matters you have set an admirable and enduring example.

It is with a glow of pride and of satisfaction that we think of the happy and fruitful years spent at Wolfville; and we, the members of the Class of 1935, wish to pay you our tribute of gratitude for the many privileges and fine facilities for study and recreation that we have enjoyed during our College career.

MR. PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY:

Frequently we have illy deserved your undying interest in us as a class and as individuals, but we have very deeply felt it and we thank you for it. We wish to thank you, moreover, for the example of victorious living which you have ever held before us in the persons of yourselves.

Mr. President, we cannot soon forget your indomitable zeal for a better Acadia. Your unflagging interest and activity have been an inspiration to us, and we sincerely hope that you may accomplish for Acadia University that which you have so efficiently planned. To you, Sir, and to the members of the faculty we wish to express our unsimulated gratitude for the new and invigorating vision of life that you have given to us.

CITIZENS OF WOLFVILLE:

You do well to take pride in your beautiful town. We consider ourselves indeed fortunate to have attended a University situated in such a picturesque setting as this. This privilege has heightened our appreciation of the beautiful things in life.

We, the members of the class of 1935, wish to thank you for the hospitality and friendliness that have ever characterized your relationships with us and with our University. The courtesy that we have received at your hands, we assure you, will long be remembered. Friends of the town, farewell.

UNDERGRADUATES OF ACADIA:

We have been numbered with you as making up the student body of the University. We share alike the love and loyalty to our Alma Mater, and have condoned petty rivalries and competitions in order that we might be united in strength for our beloved Institution. We earnestly hope that such wholesome co-operation may ever characterize student life here.

With our passing we leave with you the responsibility of carrying on, and we hope that your accomplishments in every department may excel ours to the end that Acadia may gain even greater prestige in the realms of sport and of scholarship. We challenge you to be diligent and courageous, and we promise a lasting interest in you and your contributions to Acadia and to life.

CLASSMATES:

May the thought that we are at last educated be far removed from us. We have made a beginning, a very good one we feel sure, nevertheless only a beginning of that process which shall equip us to meet the tasks and problems of life. Tomorrow we must say a last farewell and then go forth to take our places in a larger society. Life's portals are opened wide, and through and beyond them we can discern great depths of need and glorious heights of opportunity that challenge the very purpose of our living.

Whatever activity it may be your choice to follow, we wish you the greatest success—success measured not by the false standard of personal attainment, but rather by the true standard of service. We wish that your lives may become monuments in miniature to life at its noblest and best.

Classmates, it is a hard, hard thing to say, and yet it must be said, farewell.